



Waiting for sunrise



👁 37 ✓ 1 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by PigletPinkPancake

When I was little I would always wake up at 5:30 in the morning, sneak downstairs, open up the back door, run onto the porch, and stare into the sunrise. I had no one to tell me not to wish upon the sun or yell at me to get back in bed. It was just me. Well and my stupid owner. So maybe I had someone to tell me what to do but still! The sunrise made me feel... what's the word? AMAZING! It was like anything was possible. I didn't have any family. No mother. No father. And no siblings. They all abandoned me. I remember the one morning when I was feeling extra good. I ran onto the porch and waited. I waited for Sunrise. But it never came.

Chapter 2 by Fanwizard



To say that I was surprised would be an understatement.

Did no one else notice?

Did no one else *care*?

It was so still and frozen in the morning, the landscape dark because the sun had not risen yet, but I hoped that it was just a natural occurrence every week or so.

But when the sun didn't rise for the next hour, I could already hear the movement inside the house. Hogzilla getting up and waiting for her daily breakfast, which I had to bring to her every

morning or the whip would be taken out.

"HAZED WHERE ARE YOU?" He growled at me. "You, missy, you will be in huge trouble!"

It was still dark, but I knew I was in trouble. I ran to her breakfast and

servant didn't show up. She might even get out of bed in her fluffy pink bathrobe and hunt me

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down. And when that happened, there would be major consequences, like a week without dinner, or scrubbing the nooks and crannies with an old, disgusting toothbrush.

"Coming!" I shouted.

Reluctantly, I got up from the porch, and glanced at the horizon, praying for a miracle to happen. But it never came.

It wasn't that I was obsessed with the sun or stars or sky.

It was the fact that I had always grown up alone, and that sun rising every morning reminded me that life goes on and was the symbol that I had a place somewhere else, somewhere else besides the mansion that Hogzilla dominated with an iron fist.

So that's why I surprised myself at the kitchen when I was supposed to be brewing a fresh cup of tea when instead I ran out the door, through the fields, never looking back and tasting freedom.

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